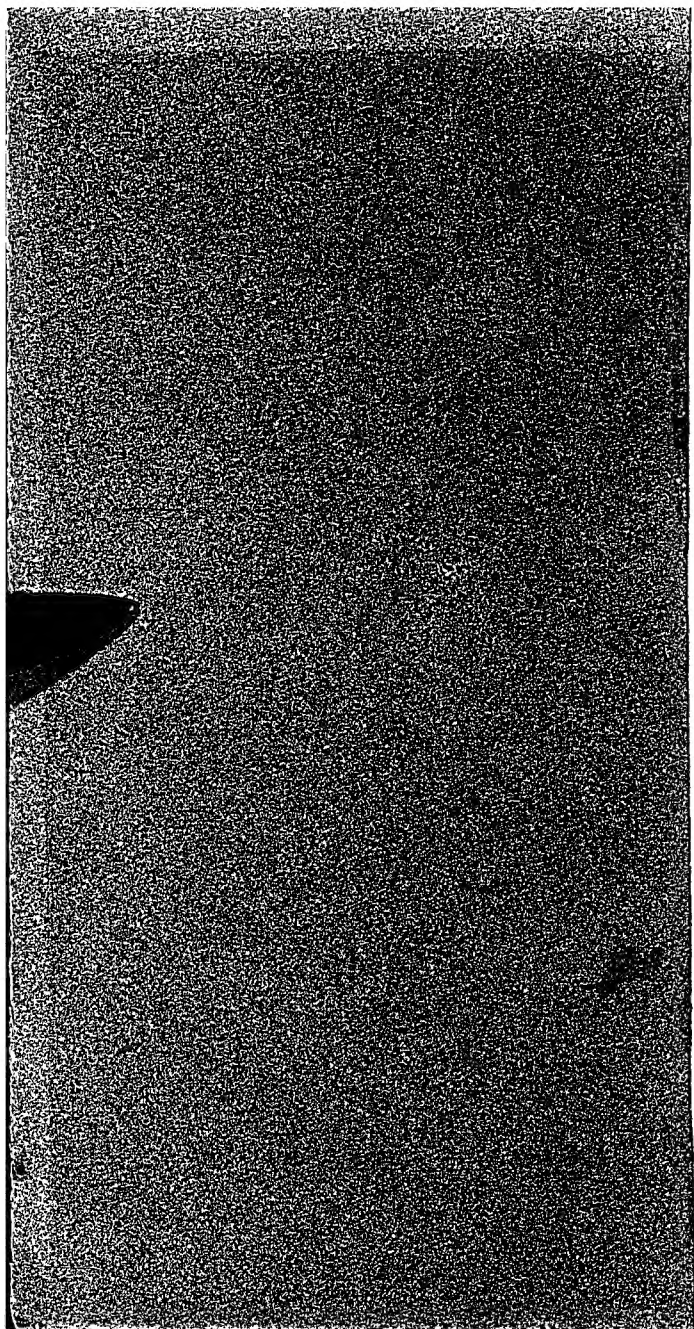


Moose Jaw Writers' Club
Our autumn offering

PS
8279 .
M66



OUR

AUTUMN

OFFERING



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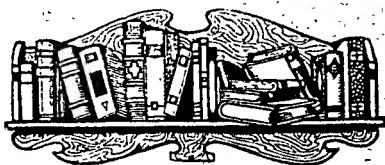
FOREWORD

Once again "the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" is here, when earth presents her autumn offerings of food and beauty to a hungry, weary and war-torn world.

Nothing today, is so welcome to the nations as Saskatchewan's golden wheat; nothing more lovely than her harvest fields, warm with the fires of dawn or cool under twilight skies, when "peace comes sifting down."

So we, too, in this little book, moved by the sight of glorious fulfilment, bring our autumn offering, hoping we may convey to our friends and readers some moments of loveliness, seized and transfigured in verse, or some emotional experience of delight that has captivated our souls, and that we would feign pass on to others, hoping that they, too, may feel the rapture and see the vision with us.

We send you the season's friendliest greetings and join with you all in heart-felt prayers, that peace, just, honourable and permanent, may be arranged by the rulers of the world, that hunger may cease from the face of the earth.



Post-war Plan

To find a little grove and settle down,
Plant flowers and become a living part
Of a small village or a little town,
Take sane old-fashioned people to my heart,
Listen to stories of the pioneers,
Become a part and parcel of the years.

To own a plot of earth about so big
That I can spade and plant an apple tree,
Where a young pair of birds will build a nest,
And share their little family life with me,
Adding their bit to all that makes life good,
Within the boundaries of my neighborhood.

To have a woman steady and serene
Whose loving heart is safely bound to mine,
Children to play about the little yard;
A room whose walls are touched with fireshine,
A crimson rug reflecting warmth and glow,
The golden fingers of a radio.

These are the dreams of just a common man,
Giving the outline of his post-war plan.

EDNA JAKUES

My Grandma

My grandma had a pleated fan,
A cape ... a hood and shawl,
A crooked stick to lean upon
When she went out to call.
A parrot on a scarlet perch,
A bag of peppermints for church.

My grandma had a climbing rose,
As yellow as the moon,
A little old melodion,
That played a wheezy tune,
A braided rug ... a painted floor,
A pump beside the kitchen door.

My grandma had a garden too,
Where mignonette and phlox
Made little patches bright and gay,
Beside the cobbled walks.
A rack for drying apples on,
A tiny patch of velvet lawn.

My grandma has gone on to live,
Where good folks always go,
She'll be so happy all the time
With God—and yet I know,
She'll often think of earth and see
Her small old-fashioned house ... and me.

EDNA JAKES

Reluctantly You Leave

TO MISS IRENE MOORE

Reluctantly you leave, you say, and oh,
So most reluctantly we let you go.
You, who have shared ten thousand joys and tears,
You, who companioned us throughout long years,
At last we part.

Fresh as new-pulsing grass the springtime knows,
Sweet as the scented breath of summer rose,
Your thoughts flowed out to us from eager page,
Your teachings shaped us loving, just and sage,
You "Young in Heart".

So very tired, so oft, you must have been,
And disillusioned in the things you've seen,
But still you held your torch of courage high,
A flaming light in many a darkened sky,
And now you go.

Yet, we could always reach you, if in need,
And we could always share your thought and deed.
Your quiet charm and smile inspired new thrills
So warm they were, like sunshine on bare hills,
You loved us so.

Farewell, dear heart, we truly hope you find
The rest you greatly need for heart and mind.
Time guide you gently down the flowing years
And fill your cup with love and many tears,
Be tears of joy.

E. A. GODDARD

Peggy Ann— My Granddaughter

To Peggy Ann,—she's just turned four,
The world's so small, you see
That forty miles is but a breadth
Lost in immensity.

The States is just across the tracks,
It's half-a-walk or so,
And daddy's there, combining wheat.
It isn't far, you know.

Birth was a baby brother found
In hospital, ward three,
And so she told the taxi-man:
"He's going to play with me."

Gold was the dandelion bright
She gathered in the spring.
And night and dark, were one with her.
Clear faith, no wondering.

Pain was a spot red-hot with fire;
Blood was blind fear, she knew.
And joy was laughter in her heart
Where songs rose bubbling through.

A little circle spanned her life
And held her close and warm,
Alive with love and gay with trust
And sheltered from all harm.

But, Peggy Ann, the coming years
Will swing the circle wide
When life will grip you strong and fast
And float you on its tide.

So, winsome Peg, in after-time,
To those who love you dear,
May *near* be never, never far,
And *far* be ever near.

ELIZABETH GODDARD

The Slough

"Now this," I said, "is just a sober spot,
An old, dry slough, but fit for sheep to graze;
Some weeds, some tufted grass, some green, some
not,
And round the edge, dark bushes in a maze."

"No beauty here," I thought, until I saw
The fields and uplands glazed with bearded
grass,
That bowed beneath the wind, on hill and draw,
And weaving lines of light and shadows pass.

The sheep, like scattered beads, fed here and there.
The self-same colour as the wild, dun field,
While, overhead, white clouds laid hands in air.
The heavens were an azure, concave shield.

No beauty here? Ah yes, there's loveliness.
It wears a sober, Quaker-like, rich coat.
I think one tone of colour more, or less,
Or simplest flower, would mar that austere
note.

I think the sweetest song I ever heard
In this raw prairie would be out of place,
And of all birds, the hawk the only bird
Just fit to own these wastes in time and space.

ELIZABETH GODDARD

Heart's Home

I found my true heart's golden land
When first I to these prairies came.
They looked to me so rich and fair
For man to love, and work, and tame.

'Twas in July I saw them first,
They seemed to glow, in that warm sun.
The shining grass, in sleep out-stretched,
Horizon-wide lay silvery dun.

And I, too, could have laid me down
Upon the prairies, that fine day,
But, on a bush, a meadow-lark
Proved that his heart was young and gay.

His golden notes, that gilded land
Just took my soul, like eager word,
"Peace, here is peace!" they seemed to say.
I found it,—guarded by a sword.

They promised rich, material wealth.
But I'm still poor; the years gave not,
Except in what I value most—
"Contentment with my chosen lot."

And this is still my heart's true home,
The Eldorado of my dreams,
Where hope, work, faith may prove anew
True worth in that which worthless seems

ELIZABETH GODDARD

To My Daughter

Be good, my dear, that you may live
In heaven while on earth;
That you may dwell in harmony
When chaos claims new birth . . .

And yet it cannot touch the good,
For God is ever near.
If through the valley you must go,
His arms enfold you, dear . . .

GRACE BONNIE

Prayer For Danny

Dear God ...

Please guard and guide my Danny boy,
Teach him to understand the tale
About the lions in the den,
Why Daniel was not hurt at all.
The lions were symbolic then
Of strife one meets in daily ways,
Teaming with every form of life:

Dear God ...

Show him what he must overcome
The while he grows in manly ways;
Keep faith with Truth, a free-man be.
Teach him that he must recognize
The false, the true. To love his church
Its knolling bell ... his fellowmen.
Grandmother then has named him well.

GRACE BONNIS

Gran's Chair

Gran's chair is placed beside the chimney warm,
Color bejewelled, genuine Queen Ann.
A museum piece, she never fails to tell,
Should you cast glance beneath the rich afghan;
A famous velvet rhapsody, she says;

Confides in you, how expert is the plan,
How each small piece is perfect in its place,
To make the roses, leaves, of brightest hue;
How buttons pressed would catch the sun-light
glow;
How experts learned they must avoid all blue.

Then you step back, its beauty to admire,
To sense somewhat the experts gracious plan,
When something warns you to beware;
In some way you have slighted, hurt, dear Gran,
And suddenly you realize the harm,
Remiss, you failed to praise her own afghan.

GRACE BONNIS

Crocuses

Out upon the prairie brown,
Oft I walk in pensive mood;
There to find in orchid gown
Dainty crocuses of spring.
Some in clusters cuddled down;
Near the earth these treasures grow
Silken fur about them drawn.

First they come and first they serve
To awaken thoughts of spring.
Reassuring man of this ...
Nature that seems drear and dead
Does but rest, thus to conserve
All the life and loveliness
That her beauty doth deserve.

JEAN BROATCH

It Were Wisdom

Sonnet

Wise men are they who look for Truth's clear light,
They scan not darkened paths that lead astray;
Dispel the mists that would becloud their way
By faith. They know with God there is no night,
Reality as Spirit, Wisdom, Right.
Inspired by Wisdom, God's man holds at bay
That which would harm, destructive intent stay;
Secure is he in Truth, with Right as Might.

Sometime from darkness, doubt and haunting fear
Mortals must come, the halt, the lame, the blind;
The Christly healing love is now and here
To banish every claim of mortal mind.
Man has dominion over all but man;
He stands with God, unchanged ere time began.

JEAN BROATCH

Through Autumn Days

Rondeau

Through autumn, days are warm and bright,
The whisp'ring leaves shed golden light,
The lazy stream moves on its way,
A hazy sun completes the day,
And gently comes the quiet night.

The birds in flocks now poised for flight
To warmer climes, chirp their delight
On slender branches, as they sway,

Through autumn days.

The autumn rains as if contrite
At summer's leaving, bring respite,
Refreshing sod, her flight to stay;
The sleepy earth stirs in dismay,
Metamorphosis clouds her sight

Through autumn days.

JEAN BROATCH

Train Smoke

Like dancing ghosts
The wraith-like smoke,
They touch not earth
From time of birth,
But flee from me
In bush and tree.
So soft and light
Their gown of white.
With my rude touch
I try to clutch
Their misty dress
In fond caress,
To my despair
I catch but air.

JEAN BROATCH

To My Very New Daughter By Marriage

I always wished that I might have a daughter,
So I am glad, my dear, I now have you;
I trust within your heart you'll keep a corner
For my son's mother, now your mother too.

I realize you have your own loved mother,
Whose place no one on earth can ever take,
And yet I trust a really true affection
Between we two, a lasting bond will make.

You now have left your childhood home behind you,
To walk a pathway that is strange and new;
I pray each day may bring you added blessings,
Your joys be many, and your tears be few.

I'm praying that you'll both be very happy,
That lovelight in your eyes may never dim,
And as you tread your future life together,
May his devotion grow, and yours for him.

I now must give my son into your keeping,
I know you hope to prove a true, good wife,
May God's rich blessing daily rest upon you,
And grant you both a blissful wedded life.

F. HELEN HYDE

Retrospect

I gazed upon a picture of the flowers of the spring,
That grow in far off England—*instantly I was*
a-wing
Upon swift Fancy's pinions, to that longed-for
distant shore,
And I revelled in the beauty as I did in days
of yore.

I thrilled to see the primroses, of palest yellow
hue,—
They carpeted the woodlands, well their fragrant
scent I knew.
(With glee we picked large bunches, in their
millions still they grew,
Ev'ry day so fresh and dainty from the early
morning dew.)

The crinkled leaf I recognized, with broad white
centre vein—
And at the pictured violet, my heart leaped up
again.
(In March we searched the hedgerows, for the
white and purple blooms,
To pin them in our buttonholes, or sweetly scent
our rooms.)

If you have known the fragrance of a fresh
plucked violet,
You'll agree that it is something that you never
can forget,—

Then those tiny clustered flowers, pale blue forget-
me-nots,
Springing up along the wayside, making favoured
beauty spots.

And oh! how I remember Nature's prodigality
In the matter of wild hyacinths—blue-bells to you
and me;
They grew in such profusion, from far distant
one could view
Those lovely woodland flowers, *forming one vast*
sea of blue.

Then the daisies and the buttercups, which children
 love so well,
 And the tiny, bright red blossom, called the scarlet
 pimpernel,—
 The meadows lush with cowslips, with the faint
 perfume so sweet,
 And the graceful white horse-daisy, known to
 some as Marguerite.

* * * * *

And so for those brief moments, memory trans-
 planted me—
 To my native country, England, which my heart
 cries out to see,
 And should it not be granted me, to see those
 shores again,
 Forever deep within me, that beauty shall remain.

F. HELEN HYDE

* * *

Reincarnation

O Death! shorn of all terrors now for me,
 Since I have realized how oft before
 Thou hast conducted me to that fair shore,
 Where I might rest awhile, from earth-life free,
 And unencumbered by mortality,
 Could from another plane survey once more
 My past, reviewing ought which heretofore
 Has kept me from my highest destiny.

As when night falls we sink into repose
 And new strength for tomorrow's tasks thus gain,
 So when, O Death! thou shalt my eyelids close,
 Naught but the flesh shall in the grave remain;
 I, newborn, shall some day to earth return,
 In order that new lessons I may learn.

F. HELEN HYDE

Vesture For A Thought

Some day, perhaps a thought will come to me
Seeking a vesture of fine poetry;
Till then I'll strive for thorough mastery
Of rhythm, metre, form and imagery,
That I may thereby fit and ready be
To form a robe of sheerest poesy,
To clothe that newborn thought.

F. HELEN HYDE

My Christmas Cactus

My Christmas cactus fills my heart with joy,—
For many months it wears a sombre hue,
When Christmas is quite near I'm thrilled to see
A score of tiny buds appear to view.

With interest I watch those buds unfold,
As slowly day by day they larger grow,
Just tinged with pink at first, still tightly curled—
A lovely sight will soon be there, I know.

When one day perfect flowers greet my eye,
A double row of petals on each bloom,
In pastel shades of pink and palest mauve,
Giving a splash of brightness to the room.

'Tis strange this plant its beauty thus withholds
Till winter days are with us, cold and drear;
Maybe through it, God would a lesson teach,
If we would listen, and His message hear.


To each of us there come drab, dreary days,
Life seems bereft of hope, and joy, and cheer,
Yet we should not despair, in God's good time
The fullness of His beauty shall appear.

F. HELEN HYDE

In Regina

He stepped into the depot,
Tall, erect and handsome.
He noticed not the crowd about him
But strode proudly through
Onto the farthest door upon the street.
The uniform was faultless.
The cap was worn at such a jaunty angle.
My eyes filled with tears.
My heart ached, for,
He wore black glasses, and,
His cane was white.
God shrive us of our mean complaining,
We who have much.
Make us like unto yon Captain,
Fearless in life — and death.

MABEL C. TAYLOR.



Aunt Jennie's House

Near the Queen Elizabeth Way, benign,
Safely tucked in girdle of spruce and pine,
It is red and white with a cocked black roof
Where a plume of smoke idly curls aloof,
As it marks the place, that for you and me,
Holds a welcome smile and a brew of tea.

You will find a fire, on a chilly day,
Where a tortoise cat bids you come to play,
While a Collie, graces the wide front door
As he thumps his tail on the polished floor,
And an old sea parrot, all green and blue,
Cackles: "Toads and turtles, now who are you?"

There is snowy linen and Nanking ware,
Gayest cushions padding each Windsor chair,
As Aunt Jennie passes her hot tea cakes
With the Damson jam . . . then she takes
Us out to her garden, by rose-lined walk,
There to gather our bouquets, as we talk.

MABEL C. TAYLOR.

Janet

Little Miss Jan
Sits with a fan
A-fanning all the day,
Think you her thoughts you understand,
Way down upon this silver sand,
By turquoise sea and coral strand,
And why she does not play? —
She deems it foolish that we roam,
A-wishing is she were at home.

I seem to know
She thinks white snow
A-snowing is the best,
With sleds upon the hills to ride,
Her skates and skis on which to slide,
And wearing pretty furs, beside,
From mother's cedar chest.
Down here you cannot jump and run,
A-swimming is not any fun.

This maiden rare
Thinks it not fair
A-trading winter's white,
For what you find in tropic clime,
The flowers, ocean, fruit sublime,
If hot it must be all the time,
Through morning, noon and night,
So, little Janet, we shall go
A-sailing back to ice and snow.

MABEL C. TAYLOR

Snowdrops

Tiny, tri-petalled, white, waxen flower,
Studding the grass in wee garden bower,
Is a rare pearl that is dropped from the string
Decking the bosom of dancing Miss Spring.

Dancing with daffodils trimming her gown,
Crocuses, yellow, to make a gold crown,
Cheeks that have borrowed the tulips' red dye,
Violets' blue in her beckoning eye.

Warm zephyrs carry, far over the hills,
Lilting sweet song and his soul is a-thrill,
Picking the snowdrops ... kissing each pearl,
Making a nosegay to give to a girl.

MAHEL C. TAYLOR.